

Timbaland & Magoo, Up Jumps Da' Boogie (Remix)

Da boogie, da boogie, da boogie, da boogie
Like dat
Up Jumps
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Up Jumps

Verse 1: Magoo

Mag and double-oooh came to move your body
M-C old school like Lodi Dodi
When you hear Up Jumps Da Boogie
Dance till you can't and shake your cookie
People to the left like Mag to def
People to the right need to clean your breath
Bigger than my butt, pulled out some cheese
We the best on the scene since the three degrees
Achoo sneeze
Cool like the breeze
Me and Timbaland two Master P's
I hope you bout it
Cause I been bout it
South on the rise, V-8 bout it bout it (uuuh)
Driven in my '89 Mercury
Record label don't you try to carry me
Got some of that project in me
Get dem flashback, you besta all flee

Verse 2: Timbaland

I'm the dope producer in the industry
I'm tired of producers bitin' on my beats
Baby, thats cool, I ain't got no beef
But you must pay me producers fee
I am the man with the ill ass sound
I got all the execs saying I love that sound
Timbaland was next on the agenda
A house, some stocks, three zorts for the winter
Don't y'all sappy fools get mad at me
Because I became a millionaire in a year times G
I thank god for blessing me
I give all my thanks to the all mighty
Now I'm just chillin in my house in Rohb beach
Now it's time to catch a plane to N-Y-C
This is the remix to Up Jumps Da Boogie
Boogie, woogie, woogie
Oogie, oogie, oogie

Verse 3: Missy

M-C's mad at me
But you better get back
I'm bout to ratta-tat-tat
Tiggy-tigga-tat
Lay me flat on my back
In fact, I interact and make the track turn phat
You heard that
Have it, give it to me daddy

Cut it like confetti
I know y'all said mother uuh wasn't ready
You back in the studio, yeah I got you sweatin
Timbaland my man, chica my man
Beep beep
In the caravan, there go my man
Magoo, what you got plans for pullin down your pants?
So Magoo know dat, why you trippin like dat?
Is it pissed
I make a list, of those who diss
Who try to be me cause my style sickening
He-huh
Yeah and my phone's ringing
Bdadadrrrrrrrrr..mmmm
Gone

Chorus:

Up jumps da boogie
Boogie jumps me (say what?)
Up jumps da boogie
Boogie jumps me (say what?)
Up jumps da boogie
Boogie jumps me (say what?)
Up jumps da boogie
Boogie jumps me (say what?)

Verse 4: Magoo

Verse number two
Two verse rhyme
When I get greens, I gets a dime
Peace to god, my neice, to Mario
Y'all don't know nuthin bout Jamario
Huckle Berry Finn
I'm country and I'm thin
They make rock eat and buy my black Benz
Hook it up with tens with candy coat
Me and Cheech and Chong rope, but still smoke
Smell like butter
Salt n' Pepa push me
How to be a player squeezin on your tushy
Mag in a row of all wannabee's
When Wimbledon drank all the teas
Eating Rice-A-Roni with Toni Toni Tone
Keep Cindy Crawford, to me she's to boney
See another Rain, unless you know Missy
Clown suit on so don't you dare diss me

Verse 5: Timbaland

Now I'm gonna make my rap only eight bar
On this track Maganoo's the star
One of my favorite rapper's Nas Escobar
I listen to his tape driving in my car
Now let me get back into the groove
Tap the person standing next to you
Tell him or she to move side to side
And tell them to keep the party live to live

Verse 6: Missy

Up jumps da boogie
Boogie jumps me
Got to move my knees straight down to my feet

Down to my hands, clap, clap
Tell me where the party at? Where we boogie at?
Up jumps da boogie
Boogie my flow
Yo-ziggy-yo Timbaland here we go
Y'all to slow to make this kinda doe
Shoot you don't know, shoot you don't know

Chorus